

Christian Secretary.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY BURR & SMITH.

"WHAT THOU SEEK, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE CHURCHES."

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The Christian Secretary

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TERMS.

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For the Christian Secretary.

Facts for a Thousand Millions.

Messrs. Editors.—Will you again allow me to fill some spare corner of your paper with a few facts deduced from the bloody history of human violence? The newspaper press has long perpetuated reminiscences of war, seasoned, to the ardent fancy of youth, with the gorgeous heroics of patriotism and poetry and romance. I should be exceedingly grateful to your courtesy, and you might lay mankind under some obligation to that bland quality of Christianity, if you would occasionally admit into your columns some of those reminiscences of war calculated to inspire both the young and the old, of this enlightened age, with an indomitable abhorrence of all that savors of the spirit, or tends to perpetuate the existence, of that sanguinary monster. These unpunctual reminiscences are living, without any association with romance or the heroics of the imagination, in the sleepless misery of millions of your fellow-beings—the burning inheritance of war.—The down-cruelty poor of Christendom, with the bleared vision of their starved intellects, are groping for the cause of their poverty and degradation, and grasping it in its slow revelation.

They have discovered, in the monstrous lineaments of war, the pampered Gorgon which for ages has fed at the veins of Labor, and is now eating out the substance and subsistence of their bodies and souls, and enslaving them to want, wretchedness, and hopeless ignorance. They appeal to you to indict this horrid cannibal, War, before the tribunal of humanity, and enter there the evidence of its savage atrocities perpetrated on the race, and written in lines of fire and rivers of blood around the globe.

Here then, Messrs. Editors, are a few of the reminiscences of war, entirely shorn of poetry. They are bloody witnesses to the truth, and let them testify. In the periodical butcheries in the human family, the following hecatombs have been offered up to that god of battles which both Christians and pagans have worshipped with the same devotion:

Loss of life in the Jewish Wars,	26,000,000
By Wars in the time of Sesostris,	15,000,000
By those of Semiramis, Cyrus and Alexander,	30,000,000
By Alexander's Successors, Grecian Wars,	20,000,000
Wars of the twelve Cæsars,	15,000,000
Roman Wars before Julius Cæsar,	30,000,000
Wars of the Roman Empire, Turks and Saracens,	60,000,000
Wars of the Reformation,	120,000,000
Wars of the Middle Ages, and nine Crusades,	30,000,000
Tartar and African Wars,	180,000,000
American Indians destroyed by the Spaniards,	12,000,000
Wars of Napoleon,	6,000,000
	683,000,000

The above is a mere extract from the bloody statistics of glorious war; one chapter in the annals of the violence, crime and misery that have followed in the foot-prints of the GREAT DESTROYER. The loss of souls is entered where human eyes may not read the list. Dr. Dick estimates the number of those who have perished directly and indirectly by war, at fourteen thousand millions, or about one-tenth of the human race. Edmund Burke placed the number at THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND MILLIONS. Taking the estimate of Dr. Dick, and assuming the average quantity of blood in a common sized person, the veins of those fourteen thousand millions would fill a circular lake of more than seven miles in circumference—ten feet deep! In which all the navies of the world might float! Supposing these slaughtered millions to average, each, 4 feet in length, if placed in a row, they would reach nearly 443 times around the sun. Supposing they average 130 lbs. each, then they would form a globe of human flesh of nearly a mile in diameter, weighing 1,820,000,000,000 lbs.—14 times more than all the human beings now living on the globe! E. B.

Worcester, Aug. 23, 1845.

The Springtime and Summer of Salvation.

Youth is the most favorable time, always, for becoming a Christian. Then the heart is tender, and the conscience is easily impressed, and the mind is more free from cares than at a future period, and there is less difficulty in breaking away from the world, and usually less dread of the ridicule of others. Then numerous promises in the Bible meet us, assuring us that God loves those that love him, and that they who seek him early shall find him. No particu-

lar promise is made to man in middle life, or in old age. The time of youth compared with old age has about the same relation to salvation, which spring-time and summer, compared with winter, have with reference to harvest. The chills and frosts of age are about as unfavorable to conversion to God as the frosts and snows of December are to the cultivation of the earth. He who suffers youth to pass by, intending to become a Christian when he is old, is acting in about the same way in which he would act, who should suffer the genial suns of April and May and June to pass by, and should intend to strike his plow in the soil when stern winter throws his icy chains over streams and fields, and when the whole earth has become like a hard rock. The great mass of those who are saved are converted in early life; and when that season passes away, it is like the passing away of spring and summer in reference to the harvest. At no future period of life can you find the same advantages for becoming a Christian. You may live many years; and in future life I do not deny that you may find some advantages for becoming religious, and I do not deny that you may then become a Christian. But whatever there was in that season peculiarly favorable will return no more, and can be found no where else. And when you have stepped over the limits of youth unconverted, you have gone beyond the most favorable time you can ever have for preparing for heaven. But suppose that youth is to be all your life, and you were to die before you reached middle life, what then will be your doom?

A season when your mind is awakened to the subject of religion, is such a favorable time for salvation. All persons experience such seasons; times when there is an unusual impression of the vanity of the world, of the evil of sin, of the need of a Saviour, and of the importance of being prepared for heaven. These are times of mercy, when God is speaking to the soul. All men, I say, experience them. They do not occur, indeed, often in political excitement—in the pressure of business—in the struggles of ambition, or amidst the dense throng that is crowding on for gain and honor. But they occur when those stormy scenes are lulled to repose, or in the intervals when the mind is turned away from them; in the evening, when weary and sad, you come home to the quiet of the family; in the stillness of the Sabbath, when the thoughts are turned to the world of rest; in the sanctuary, when the words of the gospel drop like rain, and distill as the dew; in the moments of calm retrospection, when a man sits down to think over the past, and when he cannot but think of the life to come; on the bed of sickness, when he is shut out from the world, and in those moments when he thinks, he scarcely knows why, of the grave, of judgment, of eternity. Those are "summer" suns in regard to salvation. Compared with the agitations and strifes of public life, they are with reference to salvation what gentle summer suns are to the husbandman, compared to the storm and tempests when the lightnings flash, and the hail beats down the harvest which he had hoped to reap. And the farmer may as well expect to till his soil, and sow and reap his harvest, when the black cloud rolls up the sky, and the pelting storm drives on, as a man expect to prepare for heaven in the din of business, in political conflicts, and in the struggles of gain and ambition. But all—that that is favorable for salvation, in such serious moments, will soon pass away, and when gone they cannot be recalled. They are favorable moments, sent by a merciful God, to call you from the world, to prepare you for heaven. Improved, they are like the summer sun in reference to the harvest. Lost, or neglected, they are like the passing away of spring, when not a furrow has been turned, or a seed sown.

A revival of religion in like manner is a favorable time for securing salvation. There are influences on your heart when others are pressing into the kingdom, which exist at no other period of your life. It is a time when there is all the power of the appeal from sympathy—all the force of the fact that your companions and friends are leaving you for heaven; when the strong ties of love for them draw your mind towards religion; when all the confidence which you had in them becomes an argument for religion; and when, most of all, the Holy Spirit makes your heart tender, and speaks with an unusual power to the soul. But such a time, with all its advantages, usually soon passes away; and those advantages for salvation you cannot again create or recall—any more than you can call up the bloom of spring in the snows of December.—Rev. A. Barnes.

Our preaching ought to be above the rate of mortal philosophers. Our divine orator should fetch not only his speculations and notions, but his materials for practice, from the evangelical writing: this he must do or else he is no minister of the New Testament.—Dr. J. Edwards.

Let your life be a commentary on your sermons.—Lamont.

The Mind beyond the Grave.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

We cannot but feel that we are beings of a two-fold nature—that our journey to the tomb is short, and the existence beyond it immortal. Is there any attainment that we may reserve when we lay down the body? We know that of the gold which perishes we may take none with us when dust returneth to dust. Of the treasures which the mind accumulates, may we carry aught with us to "that bourne whence no traveller returns?"

We may have been delighted with the studies of nature, and penetrated into those caverns where she perfects her chemistry in secret. Composing and decomposing—changing matter into nameless forms—pursuing the subtlest essences through the air—and resolving even that air into its original elements—what will be the gain when we pass from material to immaterial, and this great museum and laboratory, the time-worn earth, shall dissolve in its own central fires?

We may become adepts in the physiology of man, scanning the mechanism of the eye, till light itself unfolded its invisible laws—of the ear, till its most hidden reticulations confessed their mysterious agency with sound—of the heart, till that citadel of life revealed its hermit policy—but will these researches be available in a state of being which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived?"

Will he who fathoms the water, and computes its pressure and power have need of this skill, where there is no more sea? Will the mathematician exercise the lore by which he measured the heavens—or the astronomer, the science which discovered the stars, when called to go beyond their light?

Those who have penetrated most deeply into the intellectual structure of man, lifted the curtain from the birth-place of thought, traced the springs of action to their fountain and thrown the veiled shrinking motive into the crucible, perceive the object of their study taking a new form, enter a disembodied and unknown state of existence, and receiving powers adapted to its laws and modes of intercourse.

We have no proof that the sciences to which years of labor have been devoted will survive the tomb. But the impressions they have made—the dispositions they have nurtured—the good or evil they have helped to stamp upon the soul—will go with it into eternity. The adoring awe, with deep humility, inspired by the study of the planets and their laws—the love of truth which he cherished, who pursued the science that demonstrates it—will find a response among archangels. The praise that was learned amid the melodies of nature—or from the lyre of consecrated genius—may pour its perfected tones from a seraph's harp. The goodness taught in the whole frame of creation, by the flower lifting its honey-cup to the insect, and the leaf drawing its green curtain around the nursing chamber of the smallest bird—by the pure stream, refreshing both the grass and the flocks that feed on it—the tree, and the master of its fruits—the tender charity caught from the happiness of the humblest creature—will be at home in his presence, who hath pronounced himself the "God of love."

The studies, therefore, which we pursue as the means of intellectual delight or the instruments of acquiring wealth and honor among men, are valuable at the close of life only as they have prompted those dispositions which constitute the bliss of an unending existence. Tested by its bearing and result, it transcends all other sciences. The knowledge which it imparts does not perish with the stroke which disunites the body from its ethereal companion. While its precepts lead to the highest improvement of this state of probation, its spirit is congenial with the ineffable reward to which we aspire. It is the preparation for immortality, which should be daily and hourly wrought out, amid all the mutations of time.

From the Journal of Commerce.

"Acknowledging God."

It is agreeable to the taste of some Americans to pronounce their country an atheistical and God-rejecting country, because the Constitution of the Union says nothing upon the subject. There are some also, generally, of the 'pre-millennial' school, who lay the same charge upon our ancestors, because in forming the Constitution they neglected to assert the dignity of Jesus Christ as 'Prince of the kings of the earth,' and to determine the question of the Trinity. All such men forget, or never learned, that the province of civil government is not to determine religious questions, and that while it is the duty and privilege of every man to acknowledge God in all his ways, it does not follow that every soulless corporation should do the same. In Roman Catholic countries nothing can be done without a 'By the Grace of God.' In that high and lofty name all abominations are perpetrated, whether by the Church or State, or smaller companies of priests or banditti. The robber on the highway is

sure to act in the name of the Trinity, and to pronounce the blessing in the name of the Son on his victim as he goes off; a blessing by the way, quite as rich in virtue as many which come with consecrated hands uplifted. A band of bank directors are not to be charged with infidelity because their charter says nothing about religion, nor because their meetings for discounting notes are not opened with prayer. Religion is a personal matter, and not a matter of government, unless they are corporations for religious purposes. On this plan we secure the invaluable privilege of religious freedom.—The nominal religion of the State is much reduced, but the real religion of the people is greatly enlarged. Many good people are quite troubled about the want of religion in the State. But they need not be; for it is on the principle which is fundamental to the vigor of true religion. The design of government is to secure the peaceful enjoyment of private rights. The deist, atheist, Catholic, Protestant and Mormon, are all equal in the cognizance of the law. They are all entitled to examine, believe, and teach, as they think proper. The civil government knows nothing of religious distinctions, and in fact nothing of religious faith. In oaths alone it brings in the use of religion, and in that it does not assume the power to coerce any one's conscience, but takes the Quaker's affirmation as just as valid as his oath. If the principle which lies at the bottom of religious liberty were carried out to the extent of abolishing oaths altogether, the credibility of witnesses and the honesty of judges and impostors, would not in all probability be thereby impaired. It is liberty, not government, which all the lovers of truth should desire. The interference of government has never done any thing yet, but to deform religious truth, while liberty has made its streams flow peacefully and broadly through the land.

The patriots of the Revolution were not a godless race of men, though they did not think it expedient to say much upon the subject in forming the fundamental law.—The work was not done without the constant recognition of Jehovah, and much prayer for his guidance. As a specimen of what they did in this respect, we publish today, a proclamation for a general fast which was issued by Congress, and which we find in the Connecticut Gazette printed at New London, June 23, 1775.

In Congress, June 12, 1775.

AS the great Governor of the world, by his supreme and universal Providence, not only conducts the course of nature with unerring wisdom and rectitude, but frequently influences the minds of men to serve the wise and gracious purposes of his providential government; and it being, at all times, our indispensable duty, devoutly to acknowledge his superintending Providence, especially in times of impending danger, and public calamity, to reverence and adore his immutable Justice, as well as to implore his merciful Interpositions for our deliverance.

This Congress, therefore, considering the present critical, alarming and calamitous state of these Colonies, do earnestly recommend, that THURSDAY the Twentieth day of July next, be observed by the Inhabitants of all the English Colonies on this Continent, as a day of public HUMILIATION, FASTING and PRAYER, that we may with united hearts and voices, unfeignedly confess and deplore our many sins, and offer up our joint supplications to the all-wise, omnipotent and merciful disposer of all events, humbly beseeching Him, to forgive our iniquities, to remove our present calamities, to avert those desolating judgments with which we are threatened, and to bless our rightful sovereign King GEORGE the III, and to inspire him with wisdom to discern and pursue the true interests of all his subjects,—that a speedy end may be put to the civil discord between Great-Britain and the American Colonies, without further effusion of blood, and that the British nation may be influenced to regard the things that belong to her peace, before they are hid from her eyes,—that these Colonies may be ever under the care and protection of a kind Providence, and be prospered in all their interests,—that the divine Blessing may descend and rest upon all our civil Rulers, and upon the Representatives of the people in their several Assemblies and Conventions,—that they may be directed to wise and effectual measures for preserving the union and securing the just rights and privileges of the Colonies,—that virtue and true religion may revive and flourish throughout our land,—and that America may soon behold a gracious interposition of heaven for the redress of her many grievances, the restoration of her invaded rights, a reconciliation with the present state, on terms constitutional and honorable to both,—and that her civil and religious privileges may be secured to the latest posterity. And it is recommended to Christians of all Denominations to assemble for public worship, and to abstain from service labor and recreations on said day.

By Order of the Congress,

JOHN HANCOCK, President.

A true copy, CHARLES THOMPSON, Sec'y.

[Will the Secretary give the inclosed an insertion. It is clipped from the Reflector of last week. Having had a little experience in the difficulties felt by the writer, I am anxious that the article should be read and considered in Connecticut.]

A MINISTER'S WIFE.

Ministers' Wives.

[The following article we find in the Western Christian. We do not know who is better prepared to judge of the requisite qualifications of ministers' wives, than those who have experience in the matter. We hope, however, some of the qualifications here specified might be dispensed with in Vermont, but we are not certain. Perhaps it might be well for each church to decide as to which of these qualifications is not necessary in their minister's wife. Could you get along with a minister's wife who was deficient in the sixth? We are not quite sure that this 'minister's wife' has hit upon the right interpretation of the passage quoted. Still, as it may not be wider from the meaning than ministers themselves sometimes wander, we let it pass. We hope all will read it.—Vt. Obs.]

MR. EDITOR.—You know that a minister's wife is willing to do her duty when she knows what it is. To obtain this knowledge is often very perplexing. I have 'searched the Scriptures' for it, but in vain. The strange silence of the sacred writers increased my perplexity, until my husband very kindly explained it in the following manner. 'The Scriptures,' said he, 'do not descend to particulars. They lay down general rules, leaving the responsibility of amplifying, specifying and applying them with the world. Therefore, public sentiment is to be our guide where the Scriptures fail, and one principal thing for which ministers are set apart is to expound and enforce its precepts. Still, to clothe our teaching with authority, we observe the good old custom of taking a text from the Bible in all cases.' In a moment my difficulties vanish. I open my Bible and read: 'A bishop must be the husband of one wife.' 1 Tim. 3: 2.

In this passage a general rule is laid down—a bishop must have a wife. But in determining her particular duties, the Scriptures fail. Hence we turn to the other rule of faith and practice—public sentiment; from which we learn that a minister's wife should be,

1. Like Mary, always sitting at the feet of Jesus, in possession of the one thing needful, regardless of every worldly interest.
2. Like Martha, she should do all the serving, yet, without being cumbered by it.
3. She should be a little more prompt than Sarah of old, and have refreshments always ready for those traveling angels whose visits at the minister's house are not 'few and far between.'
4. Like Dorcas, she should 'keep constantly on hand a supply of ready-made clothing,' to bestow upon all the poor saints and sinners in the community where she resides, with a spare box for the beneficiaries in college, and the servant who has escaped from the blessings of the 'patriarchal institution.'
5. Like the prophetess Anna, she should 'not depart from the temple day or night,' for the multiplied meetings of the church and benevolent societies require an almost constant attendance in the sanctuary, and 'it is the duty of the minister's wife to attend them all.'
6. Like the widow of Sarepta, she must have the art of using meal out of one barrel, and oil out of one cusec, the year round, without diminishing the quantity.

REMARKS.

1. We perceive that it is the duty of churches to set apart young women, and educate them for minister's wives.
2. When a church is about to call a pastor, they should appoint a special committee to visit his wife and ascertain whether she be able and willing to perform the labor of five ordinary women, without any compensation, except the crumbs which fall from her master's (husband's) table.
3. A minister's wife should be always at home and always abroad; always serving God, and always serving tables.
4. Lastly, she must be a little more prudent than our Saviour, for he had favorites among his disciples, which in her is unpardonable. To prevent this, let a committee of the most jealous, tattling, fault-finding women be appointed to dictate to her when, and how often she shall visit each family.

O, who would not be

A MINISTER'S WIFE!

The Irrecoverable Doom.

"The hour is coming, and it is a fearful and solemn hour, even to the wisest and best; the hour is coming, when we must bid adieu to the scenes which please us, to

the family we love, to the friends we esteem. Whether we think, or whether we think not, that body which is now warm and active with life, shall be cold and motionless in death,—the countenance must be pale, the eye must be closed, the voice must be silenced, the senses must be destroyed, the whole appearance must be changed by the remorseless hand of our last enemy. We may banish the remembrance of the weakness of our human nature, we may tremble at the prospect of dissolution; but our reluctance to reflect upon it, and our attempts to drive it from our recollection, are in vain. We know that we are sentenced to die, and although we sometimes succeed in casting off for a season the conviction of this unwelcome truth, we never can entirely remove it. The reflection haunts us still; it attends us in solitude, it follows us into society, it lies down with us at night, it awakes with us in the morning. The irrecoverable doom has passed upon us, and too well do we know it, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."—Toussend.

Life.

'Illusions! illusions!' you cry over all joys, all faith, all love in life. I shout back with all my might over your own words 'Illusions! illusions!' All depends upon what we fix our faith and our affections. Must the beauty of love and worth of life be at an end in woman when her first spring, her bloom of love, her moments of romance are past? No, do not believe that, Ida. Nothing in this world is such an illusion as this belief. Life is rich; its tree blossoms eternally, because it is nourished by immortal fountains. It bears dissimilar fruits, various in color and glory, but all beautiful; let us undervalue none of them, for all of them are capable of producing plants of eternal life. Youthful love, the beaming passion-flower of earth, who will not thank the Creator that he gave it to the children of the earth? But ah! I will exclaim to all those who must do without it, there are flowers which are as noble as this, and which are less in danger of it than being paled by the frosts of the earth—flowers from whose chalice also, you may suck life from the life of the Eternal.

Ah, if we entirely understood how near to us Providence has placed the fountains of our happiness, if we only understood this from the day of our childhood upward, acted upon it and profited by it, our lives would then seldom lead through a dry wilderness! Happy are those children whose eyes are early opened by parents and home to the rich activity of life. They will then experience what sweetness, and joy, and peace can flow out of family relationship, out of the heartfelt union between brothers and sisters, between parents and children; and they will experience how the relations, carefully cherished in youth, will become blessings for our maturer years.—Miss Bremer.

The Vaudois Worship.

The first thing that strikes a stranger, on entering the temples of the Vaudois, is the perfect contrast which their services present to those of the Church of Rome. Here are no visible objects of worship, no mediating priests, no splendid vestments, no gaudy or childish ceremonies, no pompous processions, no trumpery relics of paganism; but all is simplicity, decency, and order. The pastor and the reader are the only persons who officiate in the congregation, and contribute to their edification.—Instead of a magnificent altar, decked with gold, and silver, and precious stones, toward which the worshipers are to turn, or before which they are to prostrate themselves, there is only a plain table in the pew before the pulpit, from which the elements of the Lord's supper are dispensed to the communicants. Instead of mass-books in an unknown tongue, is the Bible in a language which all understand, and of which copious portions are read at each service. Instead of chanting priests, singing boys, pealing orchestras, and ignorant multitudes gazing and listening with silent admiration, we find the whole congregation celebrating in full and intelligent chorus the praises of Jehovah. And this simple worship—which reminds us of the primitive Christians before the fathers broke in upon its integrity by the addition of rites and ceremonies of their own invention—there is every reason to believe, is pretty much the same that has obtained in the valleys of Piedmont from ancient times. * * * Of the present Vaudois ministers, I feel warranted to affirm, from my own personal intercourse with them, and from the testimony borne by themselves mutually, and by others, that they are sound in the faith, and that in none of their pulpits is "another gospel" to be heard.—Henderson's Vaudois, 1844.

We want nothing but the return of apostolical simplicity, self denial, and love, to bring a Pentecostal effusion of the Spirit upon our ministrations.—Bridge.

Steep your sermons in heart before you preach them.—Rp. Feltou.

News of the Week.

FACTORY BURN.—The "Eagle Factory" at North Adams, Mass., was with all its contents entirely destroyed by fire on Wednesday afternoon. The building was owned by J. E. Marshall, and occupied as a planing, cotton bating and wicking, and bobbin factory. The whole loss is estimated at \$3,500. No insurance.

The Red River Republican states that Gen. Gaines and his wife, Mrs. Myra Gaines, have laid claim, under the success of the late Daniel Clarke, to a large and valuable tract of land on Bayou Lafourche, comprising a front of at least twenty miles, and said Bayou, all of the most choice land, in high cultivation. The claim covers thirty of the best plantations in the State. By the tax list, the lands in the tract are assessed at \$452,935. On the lands are 1,976 slaves, and about 10,000 bales of Cotton raised annually. All the present possessors have been notified of the institution of the suit for the recovery of the lands they occupy.

ARRIVAL OF MR. EVERETT.—Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, with his family, arrived in this city, yesterday, in the steamer Britannia from Liverpool. After an absence of four years from his country, during which time he has represented our nation at the Court of Great Britain, Mr. Everett has returned. At the highest foreign court, he has discharged the important functions of ambassador, and it may be said with the utmost truth, that in the line of distinguished men who have successively represented these United States in the British Court, none have served their country more faithfully, discharged all their duties more diligently, or borne themselves with more honor and ability than Mr. Everett. We cordially welcome him on his return to his country and his friends.—*Boston Atlas*, 20th.

REV. JAMES UPHAM, pastor of the Baptist Church in Millbury, Ms., has accepted the invitation of the Board of Trustees of the New Hampton, N. H. Theological Institution, to become Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Exegetical and Pastoral Theology in that Institution.

CHURCH DISSENSIONS.—The St. Louis Republican states that dissensions exist in one of the Methodist churches in that city which have led to unpleasant differences. These dissensions have grown out of the separation of the church, which, as most readers know, was declared by a court of law at Louisville last spring, and in which the slave question was the moving cause. A portion of the congregation and of the church in the First Ward, adhere to the old organization and oppose the separation, another and the larger portion acquiesce in it. Within a few days, such of the trustees as are anti-secessionists got possession of the keys of the church, or house used for that purpose, locked it, and when the minister appeared for the purpose of performing his clerical functions, they refused him admission. The majority of the trustees, who belong to the other party, afterwards got the keys, proceeded to the church, forced open the doors and put new locks upon them—of which the anti-secessionists were not apprised. What move will next be made is hard to say.

A DEED STOPPED.—Miss Mary Ann Golden was yesterday arrested on the affidavit of Miss Mary Rogers, charged with sending the latter a challenge, to fight at the parties, who live in Franklin St. She had a dispute, which, in the opinion of Miss Golden, could only be settled by an appeal to arms; accordingly, she sent Miss R. a challenge, of which the following is a true copy.

FRANKLIN ST. Wednesday Morning.
MADAM—I hereby notify you to meet me at 1 o'clock this evening, at the other side of the French grave-yard, and there to settle our dispute, agreeably to the laws of God and man. My friend Sarah—who, will hand you this, will meet any friend you may select to settle all preliminaries. To Miss Mary Rogers. MARY ANN GOLDEN.
N. O. Pic. 11th.

ANOTHER SLAVE TRADER.—We notice the arrival at Philadelphia, on Sunday last week, of the brig "Albion," from Boston, fifty days from the charge of Lieut. The Albert is sent home at the instance of the U. S. Consul at that port, (Alexander H. Tyler), charged with being concerned in the slave trade, and with the brig Washington, and the Barge, late of Philadelphia. The first officer and crew of the latter vessel have been brought in the Albert as prisoners.

THE CAPTURED OHIOANS.—The trial of Peter M. Garner, Captain L. Logan, and Mordecai Thomas, taken at the place in Virginia, the latter indicted charges them with enticing and assisting, in the county of Wood, six negroes, the property of Harwood, to escape into Ohio from servitude. On account of the illness of the district attorney the trial was postponed to the 17th of November. The prisoners in the mean time to be admitted to bail in \$500 each.

The case is an important one, as it involves the question of the boundary line between Ohio and Virginia.

COURTESIES.—A Buffalo paper states that the recent Methodist Conference at that city, constituted the pastor of the First Presbyterian church there, (Rev. A. T. Hopkins), together with his lady, members for life of the American Bible Society, and of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Sabbath following, on the suggestion of Mr. Hopkins, the people of his pastoral care, by a contribution of two hundred and forty dollars, gave to the Rev. B. W. Jones, Rev. J. W. Rogers, D. D., Rev. Professor Seager, Rev. Horatio N. Leaven and lady, and Rev. John Dennis and lady, (all of Methodist connection), members for life of the American Home Missionary Society.

We are also glad to chronicle another kind office. A splendid silver pitcher and purse have been presented to the Rev. Mr. Cheever, of the Second Presbyterian church, Newark, N. J., by his congregation. These tokens were presented as a mark of respect, Mr. Cheever having resigned his pastorate to go on a tour to the West, in the service of the American Education Society.—*N. Y. Evan.*

The Sangamo Journal states that General Semple, one of the Senators in Congress from Illinois, is about to perfect an experiment which he has been laboring at for several years. He proposes to run locomotives on ordinary level roads. He has already surveyed and marked out a natural level road from Springfield to Alton, and expects very shortly to run a locomotive between the two places.

Hon. Wm. C. PRESTON, while returning from his salt works at Abingdon, Va., was seized with a sudden attack of the brain, and immediately deprived of sight. The disease assumed the character of congestive fever, and for some days his life was despaired of. Our latest information is, that he has recovered his sight, and is now thought to be out of danger.—*Columbian South-Carolinian.*

Foreign News.

TWELVE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

This Steamship arrived at the wharf in Boston on Friday morning about 11 o'clock, bringing Liverpool and London dates to the day of sailing Sept. 4th.

The state of trade is in most respects satisfactory. The demand for all the leading staples, whether Sugar, Coffee, Wool or Cotton, is as steady as to indicate a healthy consumption, and the supplies are sufficient to check any exorbitant advance.

The weather in England, which had for some time been stormy, and which it was feared would greatly injure the growing crops and retard the harvest, has suddenly changed for the better, and there is a fair prospect of abundance. Every interest is feeling the advantage of restored confidence.

GERMANY. From Germany we learn that the religious disturbances at Leipzig have not been renewed, and that the popular irritation has been allayed by the King's prompt compliance with the request of the citizens in regard to a commission of inquiry.

Mr. Canitz, ambassador at the court of Vienna, has been appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, in place of Baron Bulow, whose ill health compels him to retire. It is not, however, quite certain that Mr. Canitz will be entrusted with the post permanently.

The last letters from Karlsruhe bring no information that can be depended upon with respect to the discussions in the Congress of the Zollverein, which is still sitting. It appears, however, that the majority of the Congress is in favor of an increase of import duties on foreign products, so as to protect domestic manufactures; but the precise manner in which this is to be accomplished is not yet settled. A diminution will probably be made in favor of colonial produce.

The new religion is continuing its career with alternate success and defeat. At Halberstadt, Ronge, the leader of the movement, nearly assassinated when preaching a violent sermon against Rome; but at other places he has had greater success. The Government is alarmed at the aspect the business is assuming; and has accordingly given orders that the preachers of the new faith shall not be admitted into the Protestant chapels, and that the newspapers, with a few exceptions, shall refrain from writing about it. In some of the minor Duchies the same proceedings have been adopted, and in Austria they were adopted months ago.

BELGIUM. BRUSSELS, Aug. 31.—The King is absent in Germany.

The potato crop will be destroyed this year, having been attacked by a malady which breaks out in the leaves, and gradually turns into corruption the whole plant.

RUSSIA. Accounts from St. Petersburg of the 18th of August state that the Emperor, after much hesitation, and with infinite regret, had at length consented to the journey of the Empress to Italy, which had been recommended by her medical advisers.—The Empress, it is stated, would leave St. Petersburg on the 2d of September, and go direct to Berlin, where she would likewise visit the Capital about the same period, and repair to Schtapolz, in order to inspect the Imperial fleet.

TURKEY, POLAND, AUSTRIA, &c. Accounts from Turkey state that the Porte has decided upon a plan for the pacification of the Lebanon, which has been the theatre of the representations of the Five Great Powers.

By advices from Constantinople of the 7th, we learn that the disposition to revolt against Turkish government manifested so frequently of late had again assumed a threatening aspect.

The Emperor would likewise quit the Capital about the same period, and repair to Schtapolz, in order to inspect the Imperial fleet.

From Austria we have intelligence that immense inundations have taken place in Hungary, and have done immense damage to the crops, as well as caused an extensive sacrifice of human life.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.
A month later from China.

The Rainbow, Capt. Land, arrived here yesterday, from Canton, June 9th, and from Amoy July 3d. She had made a very extraordinary passage, both ways. She left New York on the first of February and brings accounts of her own arrival at Canton.

This is her first voyage.

The only ship of sails she had, were so shattered in a gale off the Cape, that it required ten days and nights to repair the parties, who live in Franklin St. She was boarded by a boat from the United States Frigate Constitution going into Macao June 5th.

Amorose Hazard was killed by a fall from a main top-sail-yard in a gale off the Cape of Good Hope.

From Honan province, there are accounts of an earthquake, which demolished about ten thousand houses, and killed upwards of four thousand people. Circulars, with the particulars, were sent in the streets of Canton.

There has been a terrible fire at Canton—terrible on account of the number of lives lost, though the loss of property was not great.

The following letter is from a lady residing in the interior of the city of Canton; the first "outside barbarian" lady who ever resided there.

[Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.]

On Sunday, the 25th May, there was a most distressing fire in this city within the walls. In a small open square, a mat-house had been erected for a theatrical entertainment, and some 5000 or 6000 persons had assembled to witness the performance. Suddenly, however, a fire broke out, and in a few moments it had spread to the mat-house, and the whole was in flames.

Of course there was a rush for the streets, but there were not many doors open, and the fire was soon closed by the falling of a part of the building, so that it was almost impossible to escape.

Bodies of 1400 have been found who died from suffocation or the flames, or from being trampled upon in the crowd. Many are awfully burnt who still live.

Whether the fire originated in design or by accident is not known, but, as is always the case at such places, there were many robbers present, who immediately began to wrench off bracelets, anklets, earrings, and ornaments of all kinds which the Chinese wear in profusion. It is said that two more outlets might have been made, but in one instance it would have been necessary to pass through a barber's store, and this he denied, lest his cash should be stolen. The other passage would have been through a Marianne's house, and this his servants would not permit because their master was absent.

The fire communicated to about 30 houses, which were destroyed.

It is said that nearly 30 years ago a fire occurred under similar circumstances, and government forbade native actors again performing within the walls. These men, consequently, were from the North, and are also glad to chronicle another kind office.

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Marriages.

At the North Baptist Church in this city, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. E. Cushman, Mr. Edward Williams and Miss Mary Ann French both of this city.

In this city, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Hawes, Maj. Leonard H. Bacon and Miss Elizabeth C. daughter of Rev. W. W. Turner.

At Middletown, (Middlesex Soc.) on the 10th inst., Judith H. Child, of Middletown, and Henry W. Coe, daughter of Amos Coe, of the former place.

At Tolland, on the 8th inst., by Rev. James Squier, Mr. Alden B. Crandall, D. and Miss Rachel Usher of Coventry, on the 10th inst., by the same, Mr. E. W. Mansfield and Miss Sophia Maria M. Dart of Tolland.

At Norwich, Aug. 31st, Mr. Jesse C. Johnson and Miss Josephine A. Reed, of Norwich.

At Bristol, on Monday evening, Sept. 1st, by Rev. Mr. Savage, Mr. J. Woodroff, of Southington, and Miss Lucy M. Forbes, of Bristol.

At New Haven, on the 8th inst., Mr. Willis G. Judson and Miss Maria T. Stacy, of the 9th inst., Rev. Wm. Williams, of New Haven, and Miss Louisa Hart, of Lyme, on the 9th inst., Mr. Henry Olds, of New Haven, and Miss Elvira Viets, of Suffield.

In Mansfield, Aug. 31, by Rev. B. M. Walker, Mr. Geo. W. W. Widdell and Miss Fanny W. Blackman, daughter of Rev. John Blackman, of Mansfield.

Deaths.

In this city, on the 17th inst., Mr. Almoner Denlow, aged 57 years.

At Manchester, on the 14th inst., with a good hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave, Mrs. Clements S. wife of Mr. Nathaniel Kenney, and daughter of Mr. Storing, of Bolton, Mass., in the 79th year of her age; on the 10th inst., Jane Maria, only daughter of William C. and Lucy M. Strong, aged 2 years and 8 months.

At Portland, Ct., on the 16th inst., Widow Rachel Goodale of East Hartford, aged 74 years.

In this city, on the 20th inst., Harriet N. daughter of Mr. W. R. Loomis, aged 16 years.

In this city, on the 22d inst., Mrs. Mabel Bow, aged 71 years.

At Canton, on the evening of the 14th inst., Mr. Daniel Taylor, aged 67.

At Canton Centre, on the 10th inst., Jesse L. Barbour, Esq., aged 42.

At Portland, on the 3d inst., Mrs. Lucy Bowers, aged 70.

At West Springfield, Aug. 30, of cholera infantum, SARAH MEXSON, only child of James R., and Sarah G. Bowe, aged 8 1/2 months.

Receipts for the week ending Sept. 24.

Rev. J. M. Hunt, 1 75; L. Bailey, 2 00; A. Holman, 1 75; Rev. D. B. Cheney, 2 00; J. Sawyer, 2 00; O. R. Lee, 2 00; A. Harbut, 2 00; J. Adams, Jr., 2 00; D. F. Beebe, 2 00; Z. D. Butts, 2 00; H. Hill, 2 00; A. Ames, Merrick, 2 00; M. Bowers, 2 32; Rev. Amos Snell, 2 00.

Notices.

The Fairfield Co., Baptist Association, will by leave of Providence, hold its session of 1845, with the Church in Stratfield, at half past 10 o'clock, A. M., on the second Wednesday in October.

The Subscribers are appointed to preach the Introductory Sermon, Rev. Addison Parker his alternate.

James J. Woolsey, Cor. Sec.

Northwell, Sept. 13th, 1845.

Advertisements.

New Goods.

BENJAMIN BLISS has just returned from New York with a large and splendid stock of fall and winter goods such as Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Bombazines, Alpaca, both figured and plain Vestings, Velvets, Silks, Satins, Muslin Delains, Rept's Cashmeres, gala Plaid, Linsey Wecley, Flannels, Sheetings, Shirtings, Tickings, Diapers, Linens &c. &c., which having been purchased with cash will be sold at unheard of prices for cheapness.

BENJAMIN BLISS, 236 Main St. opposite North Baptist Church.

FOR the publication and sale of Sunday School Books of suitable character, and of every variety, at the lowest prices, and on the most liberal terms.

Besides the books published and issued from the Depository, there may be found a great variety of publications of other Sabbath School Publishers.

BOOKSELLERS.

And dealers in S. S. Books, may be supplied upon advantageous terms. And such as reside at a distance and have not means of making the selection, may depend upon great care being taken, and upon receiving the books in perfect order.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

Wishing to replenish their libraries, may rely upon having their orders carefully attended to. Orders from the country should be accompanied by a list of such books as are already on hand, together with the amount to be expended.

Catalogues furnished gratis upon application.

122 Nassau St.

LEWIS COLBY.

Sabbath Schools, whose pecuniary means are small, may obtain a library of excellent books neatly and substantially bound, of fifty volumes for five dollars. The books are all of proper sentiment, and generally embellished with fine cuts.

CHEAP SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

100 Volumes for \$10
50 " " 5
25 " " 2 1/2

To meet the wants of such Sabbath Schools as can afford to purchase only small and cheap libraries, a series of Sabbath School books have been selected, and done up in a uniform and substantial binding, and offered at the above prices. The books are generally new and embellished with cuts—are all of correct sentiment and contain from 24 to 325 pages.

"A Pure Christianity, the World's Only Hope."

By R. W. CUSHMAN, Pastor of Bowdoin Square Ch., Boston.

SYNOPTICAL VIEW.

TRUE Religion the only Moral Conservative—Antidivine history; by (2) Gentile history; by (3) Hebrew history; by (4) The History of Christianity; Condition of Christianity in Italy, Greece; in the Protestant countries of Europe; Great Britain and Prussia.

Scripture View of Christianity.—Means of the corruption of Christianity; Retention of Popish errors under the Reformation; The English Church, Calvin; Luther. Consequent struggles and excesses; The Issue on the Continent; In England.—Religious history of this Country. The Pilgrims; Decline of religion and morals among their descendants. Recent tendencies.

Means of restoring Christianity to its Primitive Efficacy. (1) The Bible must be made the guide in faith and practice. (2) The Ministry must be restored to its true position; Claims of Episcopacy, and of the Roman hierarchy, must be abandoned; Evangelism in this country; (3) The Church must fulfil its duty; Primitive Churches independent; Witness, Mosheim; Barrow; Whately. The Ordinances must be restored to their true expression; The professor of religion must possess an appropriate character; Mischiefs of Birthright membership.

Duty of the Christian in the present state of the Church of Baptist Churches. Their privileges; Their past history; Their present duties.

This work is an able vindication of Scriptural Christianity, both in reference to its spirit, and its organization and ordinances. It is necessary for every Theological Library. 15mo. Price 31 cents.—Published by

LEWIS COLBY, 122 Nassau St., N. Y.

DENTIST.

H. WELLS, Dentist, has resumed his professional services at No. 4 Aylm St., a few doors from Main Street.

Boston Piano Fortes With Patent Action.

THE undersigned, being sole Agent in this city, for the well known firm of TIMOTHY GILBERT & Co., is prepared to execute orders for their Pianos at factory prices. These instruments are executed by none in excellence of workmanship, and beauty of appearance; while in delicacy and precision of touch, and in the very important property of retaining their tone unimpaired for many years, it is believed they are unequalled. Orders received for the celebrated Zealan attachment, of which T. Gilbert & Co. have purchased the patent right for the State of Massachusetts.

JOSEPH MONDS, 6 Aylm-st. ly27

Removal.

MR. MONDS, grateful for the patronage he has received, respectfully informs his friends that he has removed to No. 6 Aylm-st., where he will continue to give instruction on the PIANO FORTE and ORGAN.

Pupils wishing instruction on the latter instrument will have the advantage of receiving their lessons on a very superior Organ, built in London, and containing a considerable variety of stops—which he has put up for this purpose, in his present residence. Pupils attended at their residence, if desired.

Reference is kindly permitted to—

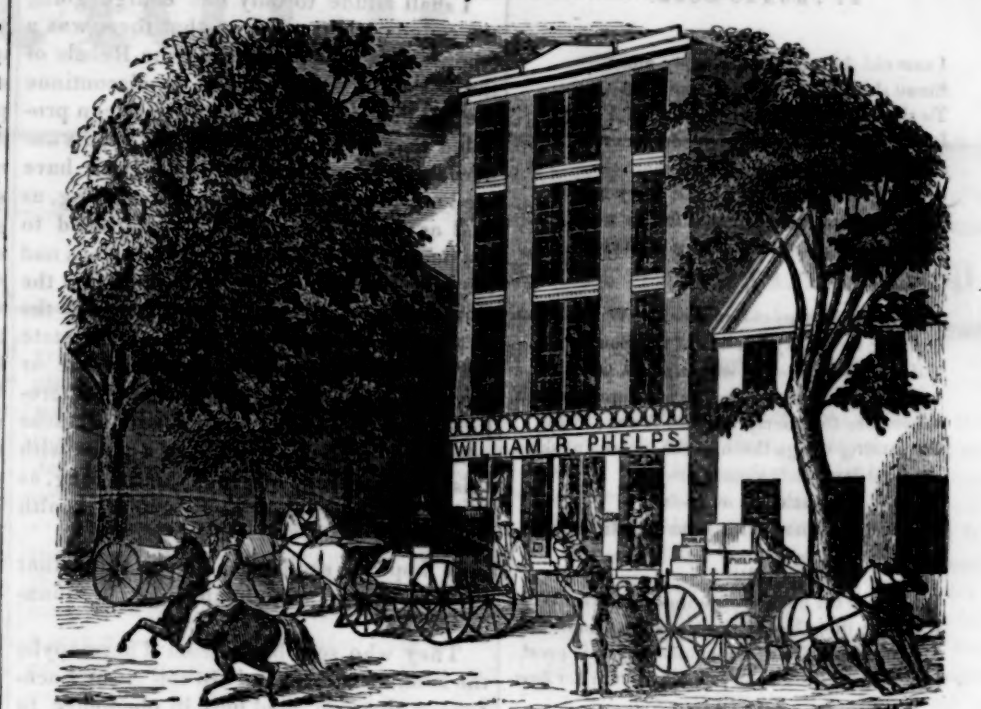
Mrs. L. H. SINGER, Mrs. J. H. HARRIS, D. D. Rev. R. R. RAY, Rev. G. B. BROWN, E. E. MARCY, Esq. M. D.

Mr. Monds gives instruction also in the French Language, and in Pen and Water-colour Drawing.

Sept. 11 1y27

STILL GREATER INDUCEMENTS. BEAUTY, NOVELTY AND FASHION.

NOW opening, in addition to former invoices, large lots of Silk and Woolen Goods, adapted, precisely to the New England Trade, and for sale at prices which none shall undersell.



SILK GOODS.
Heavy Blk. Silks, 2 yds. wide.
Rich high Lustre Blk. 1 yd. do.
Elegant Jet Black, Gold, Blue, Mazarine, Cherry Green, Changeable Silks, for Dresses and Cloaks.
Rich Silks, at 67 ds. per yrd.

DRESS GOODS, &c.
Elegant Paris Printed, all wool.
Rich Mousseline delaines.
Beautiful Ottoman, Repts.
Cashmeres, Adirondack, &c.
All wool Gala Plaid, &c.
Alpacas and Queen's Cloths.

SHAWLS.
Elegant Cashmere all wool Centers.
Rich Brocade, Mode, White and Colors.
Printed Cashmere, beautiful styles.
Heavy all wool Shawls.
Rich Victoria do.
Fine Rob Roy, &c. &c.

BROADCLOTHS.
Fine Jet Black Twined.
Heavy French Fench.
London Brown and Olive, fine.
Fine Blk. Black English.
Fine Black Cassimeres.
Fancy and Common do. &c.

SILVER SPOONS AND GOLD JEWELRY.
Pure Silver Table, Tea, and Dessert Spoons, warranted pure. Heavy Gold Bosom Pins, all sizes and shapes. Imitation Gold Pins, fine simulacres of the Gold, &c. &c.
ALSO—Prints, Sheetings and Shirtings, at prices which defy competition. Families are invited to examine the largest and richest variety of useful articles in the city at the "BAZAAR," 250 Main-St.

SPECTACLES.

BURT'S IMPROVED PERISCOPIC SPECTACLE LENSES cannot be obtained in this city except at the Watch and Jewelry Store of WM. ROGERS & CO., No. 4 State-street, sign of the big eyes.

The following is from Samuel Bowles, Esq., editor of the Daily Evening Republican, Springfield, Mass.:

SPECTACLES.—Having used Burt's improved Periscopic Glasses some time, we have no hesitation in saying that they are better than any we have ever used. By reference to advertisement, it will be seen that eminent medical gentlemen (who are the best judges of the wants of the eye) recommend them as decidedly superior to others.

Sept. 11 27

At a Court of Probate holden at Suffield, within and for the District of Suffield, on the 26th day of Aug. A. D. 1845.

PRESENT HARRY BISSSETT, Esq. Judge.

ON motion of Gamaliel Fuller, Executor on the estate of Zadock Adams, late of Suffield, within said district, deceased, This Court doth appoint the 23d day of September next, at 2 o'clock, P. M. at the Probate Office in said District, for the hearing, allowance and settlement of the Administration account on said estate.

And doth direct said executor to give public notice to all persons interested in said estate, to appear, if they see cause, before said Court, at said time and place, to be heard thereon, by posting said order of notice on a public sign-post in and about the town of Suffield, nearest the place where the deceased last dwelt, and by advertising the same in a newspaper printed in Hartford.

Certified from Record,
HARRY BISSSETT, Judge.

NEW AUTUMN GOODS.

JOHN T. ROCKWELL is now receiving an unusually large assortment of seasonable DRY GOODS, to which he would invite the attention of his former patrons from the adjacent towns, and all who are making purchases. Particular attention is given to the Ladies' department of

RICH AND FASHIONABLE DRESS GOODS.

Probably a better variety of these Goods can be found at my Store than at any other place in town; prices the lowest.

All the varieties of cheap comfortable Shawls; also, Rich Silk, Brocade, and Cashmere Shawls, all at 50¢.

For Gentlemen's use, I have on hand a full supply of Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets and Vestings, of different qualities, some very cheap, to be had around on the firm, and the better grades, good enough for particular occasions.

4-4 Brown Cottons, 6 1/4 to 12 1/2 cents per yard.
Bleached Sheetings and Shirtings
15 bales Cotton Batts, 6 and 8 cents, worth 8 and 10 cents.

For the last twelve months, since I have been in business alone, I have fairly tested the experiment of selling goods at very small profits. The result is I have sold an immense quantity of goods, and find that the experiment has succeeded so well that it will be for my interest (as well as the buyer's) to continue the same system, so long as I continue in the Dry Goods trade. I do not say that I will sell all kinds of goods less than any body else, but I will sell as cheap.

North End Cheap Store,
3 Fountain Row, opposite Court Square.
J. T. ROCKWELL.
Springfield, Sept. 1845. 6w26

Books! Books!

THE Subscribers have constantly on hand, for sale on the most reasonable terms, a general assortment of Books—Miscellaneous, Theological and Classical School Books—Books for Sabbath School Libraries, Question Books, and Music, sacred and secular.

The following are among their assortment:

The World's only Hope, by Rev. R. W. Cushman.

MAXY's Literary Remains, with a Memoir of his life, by Rev. Romeo Kilton, D. D.

Carson on Baptism.

Convert's Guide to Baptism.

Ripley's Examination of Stuart.

Brown's do. of Fowler.

Judd's Review of Stuart.

Poetry.

Ode.—Autumn.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn;
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn;—
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright
With tangled garlands that fell by night,
Feeling his coronet of golden corn.

Where are the sons of Summer?—With the sun
Op'ning the dusky eyelids of the South,
Till shade and silence waken up as one,
And Morning sings with a warm odorous mouth.
Where are the merry birds?—Away, away,
On panting wings through the inclement skies,
Lest owls should prey
Undisturbed at noon-day,
And tear with horny beak their lustre eyes.

Where are the blooms of summer?—In the West,
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,
When the mild Eve by sudden Night is prest
Like tearful Proserpine, snatched from her flow-
ers

To a most gloomy breast.
Where is the pride of Summer, the green prime,
The many, many leaves all twinkling?—Three
On the mossed elm; three on the naked tree
Trembling—and one upon the old oak tree!
Where is the Dryad's immortality?—
Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,
Or wearing the long gloomy winter through
In the smooth holly's green eternity.

The squirrel glows on his accomplished hoard,
The ants have brimmed their garners with ripe
grain,
And honey-bees have stored
The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells;
The swallows all have winged across the main;
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,
And sighs her tearful spells
Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.
Alone, alone,
Upon a mossy stone,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone
With the last leaves for a love rosary,
Whilst all the withered world looks drearily,
Like a dim picture of the drowned past
In the hushed mood of a mysterious far away,
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last
Into that distance, grey upon the grey.

O go and sit with her, and he'll overshadow
Under the languid downfall of her hair:
She wears a coronal of flowers faded
Upon her forehead, and a face of care;
There is enough of withered every where
To make her bow-wow—and enough of gloom;
There is enough of sadness to invite,
Fondly for the rose that died—whose doom
Is Beauty's—she that with the living bloom
Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light—
There is enough of sorrowing, and quite
Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear—
Enough of chilly droppings for her bowl;
Enough of fear and shadowy despair,
To frame her cloudy prison for the soul!

From the Protestant Churchman.

Oh, Some Other Time.

Oh, some other time, but not now, not now!
And he dashed off the tears from his sorrowful brow!
I am young, I am strong, and my hopes they are
high,
There is plenty of time to repent ere I die!

Oh, not yet; not yet! I have much to plan,
And religion is not for so active a man!
I will think, and reflect, and return by-and-by—
There is plenty of time to repent ere I die!

Alas! there was time, but I was all in vain,
For Repentance had left, and she came not again!
As in glad days of youth, so in days of old age,
Other thoughts, fears and hopes, his wrapt spirit en-
gage.

His heart is cold, and his dreams are of earth.—

There is plenty without, but within there is death,
There was time, dear, indeed, but she came not again!
For Repentance had left, and she came not again!

YORK.

Religious and Moral.

Letter from Cassius M. Clay.

We find in the Cincinnati Gazette, of
Sept. 11, the following letter from C. M.
Clay. It is written in reply to a letter from
the Cincinnati Committee, appointed at
the meeting of the citizens of that place to
take some measure relative to the Press of
the True American. Their letter is dated
Aug. 27. The Committee inform him that
the Press is safe and insured, and tender
him their services in any way in which they
can aid him. We have no time for com-
ments, the letter speaks for itself.—N. Y.
Tribune.

LEXINGTON, Ky. Sept. 4th, 1845.

Benj. Urner, James S. Glaser, Jacob Ernst,
Oliver Lovell, Geo. W. Phillips, R. G.
Mitchell, James Callahan,

GENTLEMEN: I have just received your
letter of the 27th ult., enclosing the pro-
ceedings of the citizens of Cincinnati and
their resolutions in public meeting.

The words of kindness and generous ap-
preciation and noble and dignified avowal,
have moved me more than all the studied
cruelties and wrongs of my enemies, though
I was unnerved by disease, and threatened,
for long days and nights, with a horrible
death.

I thank you, that you have not allowed
the calumnious manifesto of the revolution-
ists of the 18th of August to weaken your
confidence in my loyalty to the Constitu-
tion and laws. I thank you, that you have
seen nothing in the past to cause you to
lose confidence in the future, that my
"measure and means" will be "safe practi-
cal and peaceable." I thank you, that you
deem my "work high and holy," and for
the reverent and soul-sustaining invocation
of Divine protection on me and on it.

You, gentlemen, have taken me upon

trust; the time for my defence will come
with my reestablished health, when, I ven-
ture to say, your sentence will not be revo-
cated by "Kentucky and the world."

I shall allude to only one charge going
the rounds of the papers—that there was a
compromise between me and the Rebels of
the 18th, and that I agreed to discontinue
the publication of the True American pro-
vided they would spare the press. It is un-
necessary for me to say to you, who have
seen my letter addressed to the meeting, as
well as my previous handbills addressed to
the people, that this story is calumnious and
morally impossible. It is enough that the
Committee of Sixty have authorized the
Lexington Observer and Reporter to state
that no such proposition came from me or
any of my friends. This attempt, there-
fore, to degrade me, on the part of those
who failed to destroy me, is of a piece with
this whole outrage of cruelty and wrong, as
I shall be able to show as soon as my health
will allow.

I hope I shall be able to show that
I am neither a "madman" nor a "lunatic."

They who sent back from Thermopylae
the sublime message, "Go tell it at Lace-
demon that we died here in obedience to
her laws"—the Roman who returned to
captivity and to death that his country might
be saved—Sydney, Hampden and Russell
—Emmett, who uttered the mighty instincts
of a great soul, "the man dies but his mem-
ory lives"—Adams, who exclaimed "Survive
or perish, I am for the declaration"—
Henry, who cried, "Give me liberty or give
me death" were all, in the eyes of these
men, "madmen" and "fanatics."

It is necessary that some one should bear
the standard of Liberty into the enemy's
camp, and by so doing, whether he stood or
fell, arouse this great nation from the leth-
argy and death, which have come over the
spirit of a once free people. It has been
the policy of wise statesmen in all ages, to
clothe the humblest citizen with the con-
centrated power and inviolability of the
whole empire. It was enough for one
amidst the wildest barbarians to say, "I am
a Roman citizen," and he was safe. No
country in Europe is so careful of individ-
ual and national glory as France, the first
nation of Europe, and England, but a few
years ago, was ready to peril her thirty
millions of lives on the rescue of a single
subject. It cannot, therefore, be less than
madness in the American people, if they
expect long to live as a nation, and not to
fall an easy sacrifice to foreign aggression,
or internal anarchy and despotism, to look
coolly on, when even the humblest of those
contending for constitutional liberty and na-
tional honor are overborne and trampled
down in the battle. Surely that nation
cannot live long, far less be free, that sees
time after time, whatever of spirit and man-
ly independence may any where exhibit it-
self, crushed and utterly extinguished.

I thank you then and the people of Cin-
cinnati, my fellow-citizens, men gathered
under the same national Constitution, to
which I owe allegiance, and which owes me
protection, brothers of the same blood in-
heriting the same proud recollections of
the past, and looking in the future to the
same inseparable destiny, that you have not
covered before the slave power; but that
you stood by the friendless, the powerless,
the fallen, and dared to speak out for con-
stitutional republicanism and eternal justice
which have been violated in my person.
Above all, am I deeply affected by the fact,
that you assembled in "mass meeting" with-
out distinction of party; and as both par-
ties here are lost in overwhelming subserv-
ience to slavery, so you of the Free States
begin to unite in the defence of your own
rights and in the cause of national lib-
erty.

If the Whigs and Democrats and Lib-
erty Men shall become really what they as-
sume, then is half my "work" accomplish-
ed, and the Republic safe—for though my
State should sink into irrevocable despot-
ism, there will be left somewhere on this
wide continent, a home for the exile and
the oppressed.

With regard to the Press, I would briefly
remark, that my banner, "God and Lib-
erty," will never be struck.

Though overpowered by numbers, I
have the same unconquerable will and defi-
ant spirit, as though the day had not gone
against me. It is for those who fight for
the wrong, to despair in defeat.

I shall not "die through mortification"
as my enemies would have it. I trust I
shall yet live to see those who, on the 18th
of August, 1845, rose in arms, overpow-
ered the civil authorities and overthrew the
constitutional liberties of the State, and es-
tablished on its ruins an irresponsible des-
potism, hurled from their usurped places
of fancied security, and Kentucky yet made
free.

If, however, this be a vain hope, still I

will not repine, for I should feel prouder to
have fallen with her honor, than to have in-
gloriously triumphed with my enemies over
the grave of the liberties of my country.—
With gratitude and admiration, I am your
friend and obedient servant.

C. M. CLAY.

Sterling Castle in Scotland.

William C. Bryant, editor of the New
York Evening Post, in one of his interesting
letters from abroad, thus describes a visit to
Sterling Castle in Scotland:

"We went up through the little town to
the Castle, which is still kept in order, and
the ramparts of which from a grimly over-
the surrounding country as they did centu-
ries ago. No troops, however, are station-
ed here: a few old gunners only remain,
and a Major somebody—I forget his name
—takes his dinner in the banquetting room,
and sleeps in the bed-chamber of the Stu-

arts. I wish I could communicate the im-
pression which this castle and magnificence,
and its present silence and desertion made
upon me.

The passages to the dungeons in which
pined the victims of State, in the very build-
ing where the Court held its revels, are
open, and the chapel in which princes and
princesses were christened and worshipped,
and were crowned and wed, is turned into
an armory. From its windows we were
shown within the enclosure a green knoll
grazed by cattle, where the disloyal nobles
of Scotland were beheaded. Close to the
castle is a green enclosure, intersected
with paths, which we were told was the til-
ing ground, or place of tournaments, and
beside it rises a rock, where the ladies of the
Court sat to witness the combats, and which
is still called the Ladies' Rock. At the
foot of the hill to the right of the castle,
stretches what was once the royal park.—
It is shorn of its trees, part is converted in-
to a race course, part into a pasture for
cows, and the old wall which marked its
limits is falling down.

Near it you see a cluster of grassy em-
bankments of a curious form—circles and
octagons, and parallelograms, which bear
the name of King James' Knot, and once
formed a part of the royal gardens, where
the sovereign used to divert himself with his
courtiers. The cows now have the spot to
themselves, and have made their paths over
it. 'Yonder, to the southwest of the castle,'
said a sentinel who stood at the gate, 'you
see where a large field has been lately plow-
ed, and near it is another, which looks very
green. That green field is the spot where
the battle of Bannockburn was fought,
and the armies of England were defeated
by Bruce.

I looked, and so fresh and bright was the
verdure that it seemed to me as if the earth
was still fertilized with the blood of those
who fell in that desperate struggle for the
crown of Scotland. Not far from this spot
was shown us where Wallace was defeated
at the battle of Falkirk. This region is
now the scene of another and unbloody
warfare—the warfare between the free
church and the government church. Close
to the church of the establishment, at the
foot of the rock of Sterling, the soldiers of
the free church have erected their place
of worship, and the sound of hammers from
the unfinished interior could be heard almost
up to the castle."

Too Covetous to Unite with the Church.

We have reason to believe that many of
the old hoppers whom we find in almost ev-
ery community, while for years they linger
around the church, are unwilling to be-
come its members because they wish to avoid
the expense of sustaining religion with their
money. They think that baptism is not a
saving ordinance and that many a one has
gone to heaven who did not belong to the
church. So by refusing to unite with the
church they hope they shall save all the ex-
pense of religion here and yet have all its
benefits in a future world.

Various church members, too, holding
letters refuse to deposit them in the church-
es where they reside, we fear for the same
reason. They fancy that they have all the
benefits of belonging to a church—they have
been baptized and can come to the com-
munion, and yet by retaining their let-
ters they are furnished with a fine excuse
from bearing any pecuniary expense. Es-
pecially is this the case when any consid-
erable debt is resting upon a church—
where they are about to build a house of
worship.

Many persons may have been saved who
were never members of a church. But if
an individual refuses to unite with a church
because he is too covetous, the word of
God furnishes us occasion to fear that he is
too covetous to enter heaven. Know ye
not, says the apostle, that the covetous shall
not inherit the kingdom of God. If any
man will be my disciple, says Christ, let him
deny himself. How will the conduct of
such persons compare with that of David,
when Ornan offered to give him a sacrifice
to present to the Lord. His reply to him
was, "Nay, but I will verily buy it, and for
the full price, for I will not take that which
is thine for the Lord, nor offer burnt offering
without cost."—Baptist Register.

WANDERING DISCIPLES.—We have a
large class of this kind of disciples who pro-
fessedly belong to Baptist churches. You
will find them sometimes in Presbyterian
chapels, sometimes in Methodist, and then
perhaps in Episcopal places of worship.—
What idea these people have of the principles
they profess, or of Christian obligation
we are at a loss to conceive. What rule of
conduct they lay down for themselves, or
whether they have any rule at all is very
uncertain. But one thing is undeniable,
they differ from the generality of members
of all other churches—very few of whom
will be found straggling from their own
places of worship. Now suppose the practice
of these wanderers should be adopted by
their fellow members throughout the church-
es generally, what would become of the
standards they have erected? How would
they be sustained? But what does such
conduct say of their principles? Can any
one respect them or can they expect to se-
cure any regard for the true apostolic or-
ganization which they have professedly es-
poused? We drop these few words for the
consideration of those charged with this
sore evil.—Ed.

Meditation among the Tombs.

A correspondent of the New York Com-
mercial Advertiser, writing from the Grave
Yard in New Haven, says: "But turning
a moment from the distinguished men of
New Haven, it may not be amiss to notice
one of its distinguished females. I refer to

the accomplished and eminently pious
daughter of Pierrepont, afterwards the wife
of the celebrated Edwards. This is the lady
to whom Whitfield alludes in his journal,
where he says he 'felt a wonderful satisfac-
tion at being at the house of Mr. Edwards.
He is a son himself, and hath also a daugh-
ter of Abraham for his wife. She is a wo-
man adorned with a meek and quiet spirit,
and talked so feelingly and solidly of the
things of God, and seemed to be such a
help-meet to her husband, that she caused
me to renew those prayers which for some
months I have put up to God, that he would
send me a daughter of Abraham to be my
wife. But, Lord, I desire to have no choice
of my own.' On which account, Tracy,
from whose 'Great Awakening,' it is quot-
ed, shrewdly remarks, 'He had not yet
learned, if he ever did, that God is not
pleased to make such 'sweet couples' out of
persons who have no choice of their own.'
It was of this lady, also, that Copley, the
celebrated portrait painter, afterwards said
in England, that 'she was the most intellec-
tual and beautiful female he had ever seen.'
I did not hear whether her portrait is still in
existence or not."

The Best Medicine.

Frequent bathing, not once or twice a
month, but every day if you please, in warm
or cold water, is one of the grandest medi-
cines in the world. It will make one hearti-
er, freer from disease, than a ton of medi-
cine could. Read what the editor of the Bos-
ton State Reformer says about it:

"From one to five pounds of decayed ani-
mal matter passes off daily, by insensible
perspiration from the human body. The
white dust which collects on the skin, some-
times called goose flesh, is refuse matter of
the system. Viewed with a microscope, it
looks like a butcher's cart of putrid meat.—
If the pores of the skin are closed and im-
perceptible perspiration is stopped, this cor-
rupt matter is thrown upon the lungs, liver
or intestines, causing cold, consumption,
fevers, &c. The remedy is found in the
specific that will restore the system to its
proper balance, upon the natural avenues
for the discharge of poisonous secretions,
and relieve the internal organs from burden-
some clogs that are thrown upon them.—
Cold water has been proved to be this rem-
edy. And nothing but its simplicity, its
commonness, and the almost universal hy-
drophobia which prevails, could have kept
its virtues so long concealed."

Attaining Wealth Suddenly.

Among the various means of attaining
sudden wealth in this country, the discov-
ery of the "patent" medicine has often
proved singularly successful. A corres-
pondent of the Charleston Courier writ-
ing from New York, cites various exam-
ples in point. Brandreth, by his pills, has
risen from a poor man to be a man of ex-
tensive fortune. He has now at Sing Sing,
a three story factory for grinding his medi-
cine materials. Aloes are carried into it
by the ton, and pills out of it by the cart-
load, and despatched to every part of the
Union. He has expended thirty five thou-
sand dollars in a single year for advertise-
ments. Comstock began with nothing, but
by crowding his patent medicines has been
able to purchase one of the finest houses in
Union Place, and gives magnificent soirees,
suppers, &c. Moffat, adding bitters to
pills, has run up a handsome fortune of
nearly \$300,000. Sherman, taking the
lozenger line, has emerged from his little
shop in Nassau st., and become a buyer and
seller of lots and houses by the wholesale.—
I need not mention Swain, of Philadelphia,
who, by the profits from his panacea, "can
afford to buy a single head ornament for
his daughter at a cost of \$20,000—to prove
that we are a pill swallowing and bitters-
drinking people.—N. E. Farmer.

Hydrargyrum Sulfuratum.

[This is a name given to an unknown reptile, the
skeleton of which is now being exhibited at the
Apollo Saloon, N. Y. It was exhumed in Alaba-
ma or Florida, we forget which, several months
since, by Dr. Koch. From the bones of this mon-
ster it appears that he could not have been less than
one hundred and twenty-five feet long, and twenty-
five feet in circumference. The Merchants and
Strangers' Register, a paper recently established in
New York, speculates as follows on the existence of
this monster.]

"The progress of the age is astonishing.
To say nothing of the Magnetic Telegraph and
India Rubber Trowsers, what are we to
think of the Steam Hen, the Universal
Bug Destroyer, the Patent Impervious Bed-
stead, and other innumerable discoveries
which we have no time to mention? But
perhaps the most wonderful achievement of
the age, seriously speaking, has been the
researches into the far and deep-buried
past made by Dr. Koch. The unearthing
of Herculaneum and Pompeii is nothing to
them. Here we simply go back a couple
of thousand years or so, and the fresh
traces of a race of men similar to ourselves;
but Dr. Koch has torn the veil, inwoven
of the eternal earth and rocks old as creation's
dawn, from another era in the history of
our planet, and exposed to our astonished
gaze the indubitable evidences of a pread-
amite phase of existence—a time when
Man was not, and when this beautiful Globe
now ecclatant with the exhalations of hu-
man genius, was but an unsightly, dark and
chaotic mass, peopled only by gigantic
beasts and reptiles, and whirling madly
about as if without aim or purpose in the
vast abyss.

But the all-sustaining power of Him
who spoke harmony out of chaos, symme-
try from wildest confusion and light from
brooding darkness, carried along the young
orb unerringly in its destined course, and
gradually all the germs of beauty hidden in
her dark breast were developed and grew

to perfect development. First the mor-
ning stars sang together and their voices
gave birth to the world of harmony. Then
the bosom of earth was covered with fresh
green verdure, sparkling with fragrant and
sunny flowers—then came Man, and—last
and divinest of all—Woman sprang in
love and beauty from the Thought of God.

But now, standing before this inconceiv-
ably sublime relic of another life, busy im-
agination rolls back the world in her course
and penetrates into the creative processes
and mysteries now veiled forever in eter-
nity. We live no longer in the present—
Man and Woman disappear—the Heavens
grow dark—its ethereal fires go out, and
we stand appalled amid a creation of vast
and shapeless desolation. Unnamable mon-
ster, long as despair and terrible as insane
idiocy, glide awfully about—a strange and
heavy atmosphere full of tremendous poi-
sons long since annihilated by the sun, thick-
ens and appals the sense—horrid noises like
nightmare-dreams stifle the brain, and we
even lose, in this mighty disorder, the con-
sciousness of our own existence.

Painful as it is thus to suffer the im-
agination to retrace the steps of Progress
and ascend the bright river of life to its
source in the dark caves of chaos, yet it is
a wholesome and an instructive trial. No
being of thought and knowledge can stand
before the vast remains of this monster of
another creation without becoming wiser
and better.

As to the doubts of the genuineness of this
enormous skeleton, they are too silly to be
noticed. Go and see—and then doubt if
you can! Indeed—this skeleton has given
thought almost a new direction here—
and crowds upon crowds flock daily to be-
hold it and assure themselves that they are
not deluded by a mighty dream."

Maternal Influence.

Timothy Dwight and Aaron Burr were
first cousins—their mothers being daugh-
ters of the elder Jonathan Edwards. The
mother of Dwight lived to educate and
train her son and to enjoy the rich fruits of
her watchful care: the mother of the latter,
together with his father, an excellent and
exemplary man, died while he was young.
Thus early bereft of paternal guidance,
Burr with high intellectual capacities enter-
ed upon a course which has made his name
a terror, both in the social and political
world. Few men, perhaps, ever attained to
his enormity of crime; fewer still have
experienced, more fully, the miseries which
are the inevitable result of a career of sen-
suality and lust.

"Reft of his sire, too young such loss to know—
Lord of himself, that heritage of woe."
His evil propensities early acquired the
mastery over his moral powers, and he fell,
even in the meridian of his days, a wreck,
a moral ruin, over which were shed a na-
tion's tears, and over whose memory, with-
ered though it be by the pestilence of
mighty vices, Christianity will long mourn.

"As o'er the grave of one whom God endowed
With powers noble, and for noble ends;
But who, in sin, conceived a mighty crime,
And fell—no more to rise—"

As a contrast to the fate of Burr we may
present that of Dwight. In the language
of a terse and beautiful writer—"He be-
came eminently successful in extending the
beauties of learning and religion, which he
loved, and left him a noble monument of pi-
ety and genius in his written works. Who
can say but that if Mrs. Burr had lived to
watch over and pray with her son, these
highly gifted youths might have pursued
the same narrow path, and they might have
been equally useful in the earth, and equally
happy in the heavens!"

Mothers! though your children may not
possess mental endowments of so high an
order, with which to bless or curse mankind,
to honor or offend God, elevate or degrade
themselves, yet they do possess souls as
precious, for whose salvation the same blood
has been shed, and while your lives have
been spared, they are as much dependent
on you for their guidance aright, and you
are as deeply responsible to God as were
those mothers, for the manner in which you
discharge the sacred trust. O, are you in-
dividually prepared with reference to your
children, to obey the summons, "Give an
account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest
no longer be steward?"

Making Madeira Wine.

INTERESTING TO WINE BIBBERS.—Com-
mander Wilkes, in his narrative of the
Exploring Expedition, gives the follow-
ing account of the process of making Ma-
deira wine, which he witnessed while
stopping on the island of Madeira. It
would seem (says the Louisville Journal)
that this favorite drink is not made in the
most unexceptional way.

On our approach to the wine factory,
we heard a continued thumping, and on
entering, saw six men stamping violently
in a vat, six feet square by two feet deep,
three on each side of a huge lever beam,
their legs bare up to their thighs. On our
entrance they redoubled their exertions, till
the perspiration freely poured from them.

We presume this contributes to the pecu-
liarity in the flavor of Old Madeira! After
the grapes had been sufficiently stamped,
and the men's legs well scraped, the pulp
was made into the shape of a large beehive,
a rope made of the young twigs of the vine
being wound around it: The lever was then
used which was a large rock or stone at-
tached to it by a screw. The juice flows off
and is received in tubs. The produce of the
press is, on an average about fifty gallons
daily. Each gallon requires about two bush-
els of grapes. The taste is very much like
sweet cider. The general average is from
one to three pipes of wine per acre annu-
ally. The south side of the island produces
the finest wines. The common Madeira is
made from a mixture of three kinds of

grapes. After being expressed, the wine is
put into casks, ferments and is clarified
with gypsum or isinglass, after which two
or three gallons of brandy are added to
each pipe.

The Baptist missionaries in Assam have
recently issued two valuable Tracts; *The
Holy Incarnation*, contrasting the failed ten-
principle incarnation of the Hindoos with
that of Christ; and *The Rewards of Tem-
perance*, exposing the evils of using opium
and intoxicating liquors and drugs.

The Dairyman's Daughter has also been
translated into modern Greek under the
superintendence of Rev. Mr. Buel; and
5,000 of Tract No. 207, on Maternal Du-
ty, have been printed in Cherokee, two oth-
er Tracts being in preparation in the same
language.—Am. Messenger.

CERTAIN EVENTS.—He who cannot find
time to consult his Bible, will find one day
that he has time to be sick; he who has no
time to pray, must find time to die; he who
can find no time to reflect, is most likely to
find time to sin; he who cannot find time
for repentance, will find an eternity in
which repentance will be of no avail.—H.
More.

DROUGHT ON THE RESERVE.—The editor
of the Ohio Cultivator represents the
drought in this part of the State as of un-
paralleled severity. He mentions, in par-
ticular, the counties of Genau, Lake, Por-
tage, Summit, Cuyahoga, Medina and Lo-
raine. The grass crop there, which is the
main dependence of the farmer, is an entire
failure. "The country, in many places,
presents no more signs of verdure, except
the foliage of trees, than the sandy deserts
of Arabia." "In some places, we found,
that a perfect panic prevailed, and the an-
xiety of some farmers with whom we con-
versed, deeply excited our sympathies." He
advises farmers however, not to sacrifice
their stock, and informs them that farmers
in the Scioto valley will engage to keep
their cattle well through the winter for 50
cents a month each.—Watchman of the
Valley.

For Children.

For the Christian Secretary.

Emily Payson, or the Vain Girl.

Mrs. Payson had observed, with sorrow,
that her little Emily was getting proud and
vain of her beauty, and she felt, as all good
mothers should feel, that she must try to
divert her mind from that, and have it placed
upon something good. She at length hit
upon a plan, which was quite successful.—
She said to her at one time,

"Emily, how should you like to be hand-
some?"
"Oh, I should like it," said Emily, the
most of any thing.

"I would be a beauty,
"And flash my brilliant eyes,"
and have every body admire me, and ex-
claim, 'how handsome she is.'"

"I have noticed," said her mother, "that
trait in your character with great sorrow,
for some time, and I have been at con-
siderable expense in getting some wax figures
made, to represent a beauty, in the different
periods of her life,—when she is young,
and when she is old, hoping it may cure you
of your sinful folly. You may come with
me and look at them. I exhibit her, at first,
at the age of sixteen."

"Oh, is she not beautiful!" exclaimed
Emily; "see how perfect, and how happy
she looks; I am sure, if I could look like
her, what harm would there be, if I was a
little vain?"

Mother. We will pass over ten years
and take another peep at her.

Emily. How changed she looks. What
mean those two figures, one each side of
her. What makes her look so unhappy
now?

Mother. We will call one, time, which
always makes changes in every thing, and
his blows have wrought something of that
change. The other, we will call the An-
gel of Death, as he often comes slowly,
by striking one blow after another, in the form
of sickness, pain and trouble. You per-
ceive she has lost one eye, and there are
some grey hairs among her dark curls, and
they look rough and tangled. She has felt
some of the blows from those figures. She
has been sick, and she is extremely un-
happy, because her beauty is fading, instead of
being thankful to God, that her life was
spared. We will pass over thirty years.—
What do you see now, Emily?

Emily. Is it possible! mother. Her
face is all wrinkles; her hair is white, al-
most, as frost, and put back under a cap;
her cheeks have faded, and there is not any
thing beautiful about her. But it seems as
if she looked happier.

Mother. She is happier. God was pleas-
ed to show her her folly, in thinking so
much about beauty, and that it could not
make her happy in this life, nor in that to
come; and if she would be happy, she must
be a Christian and love and obey Him, and
she has given all up for her Saviour, and
she is happy now. We will pass over twen-
ty years more.